

The Lady's Monitor.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

VOL. I.]

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1802.

[NO. XXII.]

NEW-YORK, 1801.

THE TRIALS OF ARDEN.

(Continued from our last.)

"ABOUT the period of her death Mayo, in gratification of a capricious humour, had taken lodgings at a farm-house close to the shore of New-Jersey, and almost opposite to Mr. Finch's demesne, which stretched along the shore of Manhattan. Mayo's strongest and most harmless propensities were hunting and fishing. I call them the most harmless, because, while thus employed, his plans of higher mischief were suspended. While spoiling and murdering the scaly and feathered kind, the lives and properties of men were safe from his violence.

"In fine weather he used to put off into the river, in a small skiff, with hooks and lines, and anchoring in some quiet and shaded cove, pursue his favourite sport for half a day. Unhappily that part of Manhattan shore bounding Mr. Finch's property was higher and more precipitous than elsewhere, and retired into chasms and recesses, where the stream subsided into deep, clear, unruffled basons, shadowed by the rock above, and by the trees growing on it, and thus very happily adapted for fishing.

"One of these basons was directly opposite the grotto which I mentioned, the floor of which was very little above the level of the stream. This grotto was the coolest, gloomiest, stillest and most sequestered spot imaginable, and very likely to be sought by a girl of a romantic temper as Miss Finch was known to be.

"At the close of one benign summer's day, as Mayo was fishing beneath the shadow of this rock, he unhappily spied Harriet's nymph-like form passing through the pines and bushes, in a direction apparently leading to this grotto. He immediately perceived who it was, and conjectured whither she was going. The demons of malice, revenge and love, such love as only such an heart could foster, began instantly to work within him. They set before him the wrongs he had suffered from this lady and her family, pointed out the

means of vengeance which thus opportunely and unexpectedly occurred, the ease of gaining this recess, and the certainty of retiring from it unobserved and unsuspected. In brief, he dropped his line, moved softly to the shore, penetrated to the grotto, and found the unhappy girl seated alone and in a musing posture. Probably while she listened to the rustling among the bushes, which announced some one's approach, of all imaginable beings the farthest from her thoughts or expectations, was Mayo. The ruffian shortly returned to his boat, and hying home with his perch and bass, made an hearty supper on them with his landlord's family. A few days after he paid his arrears and decamped. It is scarcely necessary to add, that he was hanged in chains, amidst the clamours and curses of numberless spectators.

"Now was the memory of Arden revived. The hatred he had formerly met with was changed into compassion. The incidents so unfavourable to him were now recalled; but since they no longer justified the belief of his guilt, they gave birth to new perplexities and new inquiries. The fiercest of his persecutors now repented of their fury, and longed for an opportunity of compensating his sufferings."

"And was this opportunity never afforded them? Was nothing ever heard of this unfortunate man?"

"I will tell you. I have mentioned the attachment which the sister of my friend Brudenel had formed, in his prosperous days, for Arden. I have mentioned my friend's disquiets on that head, and his reasonable warnings to his sister. Anna had seemingly acquiesced in the wisdom of her brother's counsels; and in the short time that afterwards elapsed before Arden's removal to Finch's house, nothing had occurred, in the conduct of his sister, to disturb my friend.

"Arden, after his engagement with Finch, seldom came to the city, and seldom visited Anna. No intercourse apparently existed between them, and the lady's sedateness and tranquillity seemed unimpaired. The brother naturally inferred that they had forgotten each other.

"This woman's character was very sin-

gular. She was deeply tinctured with piety. A temper remarkably enthusiastic, and an heart alive to the tenderest sympathies, appeared absorbed in devotion, and in the practice of moral duties. She had no external attractions, was reserved, timid in company, and backward to converse. Undisposed to form unmerous connections, she kept herself at home, shared domestic comforts and employments with her mother, and maintained a very neat household on a very frugal competence.

"Brudenel's father had left one son and three daughters, and small property. The son resigned this property to his sisters and surviving parent. The two elder daughters died, leaving only Anna to lighten the evils of sickness and age to their disconsolate mother.

"Anna's heart was the most sympathetic and impassioned in the world. At an early age she found a youth who deserved and obtained all her love. He went, on a mercantile adventure, to the West-Indies, and died. This calamity had hardly ceased to be a burthen upon her spirits, when a much-loved friend, and her two sisters successively fell victims to a lingering malady. These being the chief ties which held her affections to earth, she thenceforth became more lonely and recluse, and more devoted to the cultivation of her understanding. She was upwards of thirty years of age when Arden became known to her, and had probably dismissed every thought of forming a conjugal attachment.

"That tranquil resignation and indifference which, for some years, had distinguished her, utterly vanished, when Arden's life was put into hazard, and was succeeded by impatience, by terror, and by agony. The passion her brother thought extinct had gathered strength in secret, and it was plain, that for the sake of this man all dangers and all evils would be cheerfully encountered.

"Brudenel loved his sister too well not to feel this reverse with acute pain. For her sake he was willing to exert himself to rescue the accused from the threatened fate, but he could do nothing. He could not weaken the evidence against him; he

could not persuade judges or juries to lenity; he could not vanquish his own belief of Arden's guilt, and his love of justice would not suffer him to entertain a deliberate wish for his acquittal.

"Contrary, however, to all his expectations, and through agency of which he had no previous knowledge, the prisoner was acquitted. His curiosity was equal to his surprise. With difficulty he obtained access to Loveden, the instrument of this acquittal, and, after much entreaty, extorted from him the motives of his conduct. The truth was this:

"Some years before, Loveden had been a suitor to Miss Brudenel. His suit, though his character was not objected to, had been unsuccessful. The lady's heart was too much occupied in deploring the late ravages of death in her own family, and by remembrance of her first attachment, to hearken to his vows. Loveden had desisted, and had since concentrated all his thoughts in the improvement of his fortune.

"A few days before the trial of Arden, on which Loveden was known to have been upon the *panel*, a messenger from Miss Brudenel requested an immediate visit from the latter. Since his addresses had been declined by her, all intercourse had dropped. A message like this, therefore, was productive of much surprise, and his heart throbbed with hopes indefinable, and scarcely recognized by himself. He went.

"He was led into a private room by Miss Brudenel, and a scene of perturbation, reluctance, and unspeakable distress was followed by a disclosure of her interest in the fate of Arden; of her perfect and immovable conviction of his innocence; a conviction founded on proofs that were all-sufficient; but such as were only known to Arden and herself, and such as could not be imparted to another; and of her confidence in the generosity of Loveden. She conjured him to evince this generosity; to prove the truth of that affection which he formerly avowed for her, by believing her assertion, that Arden was innocent, without demanding the proof on which that assertion was made, and by exerting his privilege as a juror to save his life.

"The disappointment and dismay of Loveden may be readily conceived. The sacrifice demanded from him included every thing dear to the heart of man. His reputation, his fortune, and, indeed, his conscience, since he was called upon to acquit him whom the strongest evidence pronounced guilty, were required at his hands.

"No brief struggle, no faint entreaty, were required to obtain his concurrence. He argued, but Anna argued in her turn. He besought her to excuse him from an act which might irretrievably ruin him here and hereafter; but she persisted in her supplication. At length he was prevailed on to promise compliance. This compliance, and its consequences, I have mentioned, and surely they denote as powerful an impulse of affection and disinterestedness as can be felt by man.

"Having heard this tale, Brudenel went, with an heart agitated by a thousand anxieties, to his sister. He told her what he had just heard, intimated his fears for her danger from the artifices of a being of such doubtful character and views as Arden, and exacted from her information of all that had passed between them.

"After some hesitation she told him that Arden had formerly communicated to her the history of his past life. That this had been done by him from generous motives, having suspected her affection for him, and imagining that a knowledge of his true situation would put an end to every wish that she might have cherished. At the same time he confided in her integrity for concealment of what he had disclosed since his safety was imagined to depend upon concealment.

"This information produced an effect different from what was designed. She found him unfortunate, but not criminal, and though his inauspicious fate had involved him in the most imminent dangers, and those dangers would not fail to beset every being connected with him, she was eager to console him under his calamity, by giving him her society, her council, and her love. This boon was accepted by him with reluctance, springing not from want of affection, but from a generous aversion to entail upon her whom he loved, poverty, exile and death.

"It was agreed, however, that Anna should continue to reside with her mother, whose increasing age and infirmities required more than ever her daughter's attendance; that Arden should search out some employment, in which his subsistence might be gained, consistently with obscurity and privacy, and that meanwhile they should continue that confidential intercourse, personally, or by letter, which had thus begun. Shortly after Arden went into the family of Mr. Finch; but a correspondence between him and Miss Brudenel continued, with few intermissions, till the time of his arrest.

"In this correspondence had been fully displayed incidents that had somewhat

elucidated the mysteries which hung over the behaviour of Arden and Harriet to each other. The latter had been favourably impressed by the accomplishments of Arden, had made various advances to familiarity and confidence, which, for some time, his diffidence, his desire of obscurity and solitude, his concern for the happiness of Harriet herself, made him study to avoid.

"Harriet acted, on this occasion, with much temerity and indiscretion, flowing from inexperience and a sanguine temper, and from certain defects, which were mingled plentifully with her good qualities. Many motives conspired to make Arden shrink from too intimate an intercourse with Harriet. He easily discovered what views her family had entertained respecting her; the claims and expectations of Wingate, to whom she was, in some sense betrothed; the prejudices of her father, who could never stoop to an alliance with his children's tutor. To these obstacles were added the inconveniences likely to arise from the disastrous situation in which Arden himself was placed. To accept the hand of Harriet, without parental approbation and knowledge, without the means of supporting her in that luxury, and ease, and dignity in which she had been educated, could not be thought of.

"Arden's attachment to Miss Brudenel was as yet of a sober and dispassionate kind. It did not preclude the influence on his heart, of youth, beauty and grace. He adored Anna for her generosity, and if their mutual situation had permitted, would have hastened to reward her love, and secure her happiness, by binding himself forever to so deserving a woman; but there was little prospect of ever accomplishing this. Meanwhile, his sensibility to Harriet's charms made the task which he imposed upon himself, of withdrawing from her favour, the more difficult.

"Wingate's arrival, the renewal of his claims, Mr. Finch's importunity, brought matters to a crisis sooner than would otherwise have happened. Her aversion to her father's scheme, and the cause of that aversion, were soon disclosed to Arden. His pity, his honour, his affection, were all engaged on her side. His objections, drawn from her own condition, from her dependence on her father for the means of subsistence, from the lowliness and the indigence of his condition, were stated in their strongest colours.

(To be Continued.)

Biography.

MEMOIRS OF

MRS. INCHBALD.

(Concluded from our last.)

ONCE more left to herself, her former wishes and her former curiosity returned; and, notwithstanding all the difficulties she had heretofore encountered, she again resolved "to see a little more of the world," and again turned her attention to London; and though upon her arrival she immediately obtained a situation in one of the theatres, she, for four long years, experienced little more than poverty, aggravated by persecution. For some trifling inattention, or a rejection of some peculiar articles required by the manager, but repugnant to her feelings, she was one winter expelled the Theatre, and obliged to take refuge, under some hard terms, in Ireland. We well recollect the event of her going to Dublin that season; but the particular circumstances that occasioned her quitting London, or her unhappy situation in it, or what induced her return, and reinstatement in the very same Theatre from whence she was, during the season of playing, suddenly discharged, we cannot take upon us to state: these are private occurrences which come not within the verge of our knowledge; and we shall not stain the authenticity of these memoirs by giving as facts the conclusions of conjecture.

Thus oppressed and unhappy, and living in the most retired manner, our heroine, probably to divert her mind from a too frequent recollection of these circumstances, directed her attention to dramatic composition, in which she has so happily succeeded, that, whatever cause induced her to "woo the muse," the public have reason to rejoice in the effect.

It was in the fourth year of Mrs. Inchbald's engagement at Coven-Garden Theatre that the *Mogul Tale* was sent to Mr. Colman. This was the first piece which she brought upon the stage; though the comedy of *I'll tell you what* was written near three years before, and had lain all that time unread, in Mr. Colman's possession. Appearing in a female hand, and sent by an anonymous author, that gentleman probably concluded it unworthy of his perusal. The *Mogul Tale* was sent in the same manner; its brevity seems to have been its recommendation for speedy attention; and its success induced Mrs. Inchbald to remind the manager of her

comedy: his reply was, "I'll go home and read it."—He read; he approved; and in the following summer the town was delighted with that popular piece, to which Mr. Colman gave the title of *I'll tell you what*.

"Success, they say, makes people vain": but Mrs. Inchbald's success seems to have had no other effect than that of stimulating her to new exertions; and she moves in the dramatic hemisphere with the rapidity and the brilliancy of those fascinating fires "that charm, but hurt not." The comedy of *I'll tell you what*, has been succeeded by *Appearance is against them*; *The Widow's Vow*; *Such Things are*; *The Midnight Hour*; and *Wives as they Were, and Maids as they Are*. It is needless to descant on the merits of compositions so well known to the public, and from which they will yet derive much profitable pleasure; for it is the almost exclusive property of all Mrs. Inchbald's dramatic productions, that their merit ranks them in the list of what are called "stock plays": plays which are likely to amuse succeeding generations. To these works of genius we may also add a novel, for which, we are assured, Mrs. Inchbald has been offered a considerable sum, but which, for reasons best known to herself, she declines publishing at present.

The comedy of *I'll tell you what* was written at the age of twenty-four, and the remainder of the pieces at periods of life so remarkably early, that we are naturally reminded of the praises bestowed by Dr. Johnson on one of the poets: When it "is remembered," he says, "that this author produced these four plays before he "had passed his twenty-fifth year; before "other men, even such as are, some time, "to shine in eminence, have passed their "probation of literature, or presume for "any other notice than such as is bestowed on diligence and inquiry, I doubt "whether any one can be produced that "more surpassed the common limits of "nature than him." The appropriation to our authoress of this striking sentence, and we think that appropriation but mere justice, redounds more to the honour of Mrs. Inchbald than any praise immediately directed to herself. And were we even to divest her writings of all that popularity and fashion which have so fortunately attended them, still it must be acknowledged, and her works evidently prove, that she has more than accomplished the desire which first led her from home: she has not only "seen the world," but largely contributed to its entertainment and instruction.

We cannot conclude, without observing, that the heroine of these memoirs continues, as far as the business of the Theatre will permit, to live much retired: her friends are few, and selected. To strangers, indeed, her deportment is by no means conciliating; and she seems very cautious in adding to the list of her acquaintance. Asperity or ill-will in others, she never endeavours to sooth by gentleness: ridicule and pointed satire are the weapons with which she retaliates, and sometimes renders "false friends" implacable enemies. But her attachments being once formed, her friendship is unreserved, sincere, and constant; and though her heart and her purse are ever open to the complaints and the wants of the unfortunate, yet amongst the first of her virtues, is that of a refined delicacy to avoid making connexions which might lay her under a necessity of receiving obligations: laudably preferring to every other mode of acquisition the emoluments arising from the exertions of that genius which is calculated to delight and to instruct mankind.

Travels.

MOUNT OLYMPUS.

BY JAMES DALLAWAY, M. B. F. S. A.
Late Chaplain and Physician of the British Embassy to the Porte.

THE evening view of Brusa was brilliantly lighted up by the glow of the setting sun. The horizon was intirely of the most transparent azure, and the skirting clouds were light and fleecy, suspended considerably below the bare cliffs. Nothing could exceed the clearness of tint which pervaded every part of this lively landscape. From the extreme* thinness of the air, very distant objects are brought so much forwarder than in England, that they appear with lustre; and the haziness with which even a confined view is frequently obstructed, is almost unknown here.

The next morning we commenced the ascent of Mount Olympus, one of the most arduous that can be imagined. It is a collection of vast mountains, about forty miles in circumference, heaped one on another, rather than a single mass; and may be divided into three regions. The first abounds in mulberry, and various shrubs; we then came to a chesnut grove, which leads to a plain, and is the summit immediately visible from the vale below. The ancient inhabitants instituted orgies in honour of Hylas, the favourite of Hercules,

* "..... The pure marble air."

and ran about this forest calling as if in search of him. Wandering hordes of shepherds of the Turcoman race, with their temporary villages, frequently occupy these heights. Advancing a mile or two, we entered a grove of pine and silver fir, and the greater part having been lately burnt, exhibited a very sombre appearance. Indeed, with any but Turcoman horses, the access would be absolutely impracticable, but their steadiness and agility is wonderful. The second region of level ground was at length gained, which is covered with huge fragments of rock, worn smooth, of granite, marble, and chalk. There are innumerable bushes of juniper.

"Stant et juniperi et castaneæ hirsutæ."

VIRG.

The distance from Brusa now exceeded ten miles; and the greater part of this formidable tract is as steep as the common elevation of a flight of steps. Excepting where it leads through groves, the path is upon the brink of an abyss, so profound, that the eye can scarcely perceive the bases of the frequent defiles, which intersect each other. The epithet of "many valled," which Homer applies to the Thesalian Olympus, is equally descriptive of this mountain*. Of lofty views, few from mere height are superior: it commands the sea of Marmara, with the domes of Constantinople occasionally to be seen, the gulph of Modania, the lake of Apollonia, and the dividing chain of Bithynian mountains, which without exaggeration, dwindle into mere hillocks. Comparison is here our only scale of mensuration, and where chain is thus linked to chain, an attempt to be exact is unattainable, and would be endless. A level plain extends for some miles, when farther to the south-east another mountain, of volcanic shape, having a crater, crowns this immense accumulation, and completes one of the highest summits in the world. Immediately under it is a large pool, which produces a delicate fish called the alabaluk, reserved for the sultan's table. We did not advance farther than the second region; where, it must be said, that the objects become so remote and diminished, that the landscape is only curious, and would not, independently considered, answer the fatigue and danger of such a jour-

* Shakspeare's description of Hamlet, is as literally applicable.

"Mercury,
New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill:
..... or the skish head
Of blue Olympus."

ney, or reward the toil of a painful perpendicular march of so many miles.

Our route conducted us through the lower division of Bithynia, called Olympena, over a vast plain with scanty plats of corn, at best but cultivated dreariness, parched, and totally unpicturesque. At four hours progress we saw the lake of Apollonia, and turning round, the whole of mount Olympus blended in one mass; and the third region, although so distant from the others, seemingly incorporated with them.

The whole was beautifully illuminated for the instant, but very soon enveloped with clouds. We rode round the sedges, the refuge of many species of wild fowl, which are seldom interrupted, and hover about, as if conscious of security. The peasants were busied in gathering the reeds, which, when dried, are used for the roofs of their cottages.

THE PLAINTIFF.

NO IV.

MR. EDITOR,

You may perhaps consider my plea as too insignificant for notice, supposing that my relation contains only the phantasms of an imagination deranged by the perusal of some modern circulating library, or overcome by the momentary impulse of fancy: but really, Sir, my case demands your peculiar attention; and would you condescend to administer the balm of consolation, I should hold myself infinitely indebted to your kindness.

I am one of those unfortunate maniacs, generally denominated *lovers*; but my case is not common, it is peculiar; though perhaps there may be others in a similar situation, and by my receiving your advice, they may also reap equal benefit. My tale is simple; the honest effusions of a generous heart, uncloaked by disguise, and unskillful in the practice of hypocrisy. I will not lead you to the flowery plains of Arcadia, to weep over a dying shepherd; or excite your risibility by imitating *Paster-Fido*, or *Don Quixotte*. I will not say that my situation is equally desperate with that of *Werter*; but it is such as destroys my hourly peace, and annihilates all my prospects of happiness.

Once, Sir, I enjoyed the blissful innocence of youth; once I painted life in splendid colours, and built celestial fabrics on terrestrial ground. I knew no other pain than what arose from the fear of experiencing a few strokes from my tutor's cane, for negligence in my studies. My

mind disencumbered, devoured with avidity the instructions bestowed upon me; I mastered the laborious employment of the Classics, and thought when these were accomplished, the world would smile on my scholastic abilities, and the sun of prosperity would arise on my head, never again to withdraw its lustre. But no sooner was I liberated from the shackles of education, than I began to learn new lessons from another seminary. I beheld the world "a school of wrong," and perceived, with sorrow, but few characters whose minds were congenial with my own. I saw the beautiful Almeria; in her I discovered what I had long sought after; I perceived something in her person and deportment that fascinated my eyes, and something in her disposition and manners, that ensnared my heart. I became acquainted with her;—my visits increased, and each succeeding day I felt an irresistible impulse to visit the fair enchantress. She seemed to smile upon my exertions, and to read the wishes of my soul. I discoursed freely with her on every topic; and, frequently, herself would introduce the theme of love. Here I would listen to her accents with delight, while the pure passion glowed with greater ardour in my bosom. She only appeared destined to make me happy. Mind was united to mind, and neither disagreed with the sentiments of the other. I oftentimes hinted my regard in cautious language. Almeria heard me with attention; and delight sparkled in her eyes, while she still displayed new openings for the subject. Thus, Sir, did twelve months roll on.—No longer able to refrain from openly avowing my attachment, I wrote a letter to Almeria, and unveiled my heart. She answered it in the language of surprize; but her sentiments were uncertain and ambiguous. I yet enjoyed her company, and every pleasing hope had no prospect of being blasted. At another year hastened to its close, I saw her tender civilities encrease, and once more ventured to address her. Almeria permitted me an interview, expressly to discuss the subject: but I had deceived myself; she was impenetrable to pity, and her bosom was steeled to the persuasive eloquence of love; yet she exhibited in her actions, that a spark of esteem had kindled in her bosom. She vowed for me an unalterable *friendship*, and directed my views to a future period, when her wishes might be congenial with my own. I waited for months in anguishing suspense, soothed in some degree by the consideration that Almeria was my *friend*: this character amidst the base artifice and

selfish dissimulation of mankind, I had found it difficult to discover, and hoped that an apparent disinterested declaration of friendship, was but a more distant name for love. But Almeria appeared equally to esteem others with myself, and jealousy burned in my bosom against each alternately, as they received the trifling marks of her favour. At times she dismissed me from her by her conduct, and seemed to glory in my mental captivity; again she expressed commiseration at my grief, and mingled, like a tender sister, the sympathy of sorrow with my own. Oneday she annihilated every prospect of happiness, and if the spirit of dignity appeared to create resentment in my breast, she re-allured me by her smiles on the next. Thus, Sir, have I proceeded several years, racked upon the wheel of suspense, and tortured by the most painful anxiety; yet still the cold, cold name of friend, is all I have for love; and although I persevere in my pursuit, I am recompensed by the prospect of the same repeated labour, and doomed, like the horse in the mill, to an endless journey. I once boldly resolved to have a categorical determination on the matter, & demanded it in tender, yet resolute terms, by means of the post. But Almeria, instead of even exhibiting the confusion of friendship, at the name of a final separation, pronounced the same evasions, allowed me to relinquish my wishes, if I pleased, with all the apathy of a Stoic. *Heu me miserum!*

I do not, Sir, pine away my life amid romanticity; distil my tears into the murmuring rivulets; exhale my sighs on the evening zephyr; or mingle my complaints with the nightingale: yet remaining in the same captive situation, my life is embittered with misery, my mind is a prey to *ennui*; and, encircled by the walls of my study, instead of following those necessary literary pursuits, upon which depends the major part of my income, I cast down my books every moment; no subject is satisfactory; I forget what I have perused the instant before, and sink into a stupid lethargy, or recall the image of the ruthless Almeria to my imagination, review the beauties which I still behold in her mind and person, and strengthen the chains by which she strives to fetter me. No amusement can liberate my affections; I have tried every remedy, and if you, Sir, fail in a recipe, I must sink into despair.

G. C.

GOSSIPIANA—NO. IV.

COMPOSITION OF AN INDIAN PHILOSOPHER.

The following pathetic elegy was composed by Mir Muhammed Husain, a learn-

ed philosopher and scholar. It is contained in the Asiatic Researches.

1. Never, O! never shall I forget the fair one who came to my tent with timid circumspection.

2. Sleep sat heavy on her eyelids, and her heart faltered with fear.

3. She had marked the dragons of her tribe, (*the sentinels*) and had dismissed all dread of danger from them.

4. She had laid aside the rings which used to grace her ancles, lest the sound of them should expose her to calamity.

5. She deplored the darkness of the way which hid from her the morning star.

6. It was a night when the eye-lashes of the moon were tinged with the black powder of the gloom;

7. A night when thou mightest have seen the clouds like camels eagerly gazing on the stars;

8. While the eyes of heaven wept on the bright borders of the sky;

9. The lightning displayed his shining teeth with wonder at this change in the firmament;

10. And the thunder almost burst the ears of the deafened rocks.

11. She was desirous of embracing me, but through modesty declined my embrace.

12. Tears bedewed her cheeks, and to my eyes watered a bower of roses.

13. When she spake, her panting sighs blew flames into my heart.

14. She continued expostulating with me on my excessive desire to travel.

15. Thou hast melted my heart, she said, and made it feel inexpressible anguish.

16. Thou art perverse in thy conduct to her who loves thee, and obsequious to thy guileful adviser.

17. Thou goest round from country to country, and art never pleased with a fixed residence.

18. One while the seas roll with thee, and another while thou art agitated on the shore.

19. What fruit, but painful fatigue, can arise from rambling over foreign regions?

20. Hast thou associated thyself with the wild antelopes of the desert, and forgotten the tame deer?

21. Art thou weary then of, our neighbourhood? O! woe to him who flees from his beloved!

22. Have pity at length on my afflicted heart, which seeks relief and cannot obtain it.

BOTANY.

The early amusements of women are the circumstances that form their dispo-

sitions and characters. What can be expected from the confinement, the agitations, and the passions of a card table? How different the effect of contemplating nature in her most exquisite and most useful forms! It improves the heart as well as the taste; and botany is the most elegant and best of all female amusements.

REVENGE.

Something more than a century ago, the Marquis of Astrogas, a Spanish nobleman, having prevailed on a young woman of great beauty to become his mistress, the Marchioness hearing of it, went to her lodgings with some assassins, killed her, tore out her heart, carried it home, made a ragout of it, and presented the dish to the Marquis.—“It is exceedingly good,” said he.—“No wonder,” answered she, “since it is made of the heart of that creature you so much doated on.” And to confirm what she had said, she immediately drew out her head all bloody from beneath her hoop and rolled it on the floor, her eyes sparkling all the time with a mixture of pleasure and infernal fury.

IMPOSTURE.

Nero, a famous impostor, who appeared A. D. 72, two years after the death of Nero, and was the slave of Pontus. He declared himself to be that emperor, and was so like him in face and body, and could play upon instruments and sing so like him, that he got credit amongst some, especially a company of vagabond deserters, of whom, by making great promises to them, he got an army together. But he was slain. His body being carried to Rome, all persons admired his resemblance of Nero whom he had endeavoured to counterfeit.

SIR DAVID GAM,

In the reign of Henry V. attended the king in the splendid expedition to France, which terminated in the battle of Agincourt; previous to which he was detached to reconnoitre the enemy, reported to be in great force, and being asked their numbers, replied:—*“An’t please you, my liege, they are enough to be killed, enough to run away, and enough to be taken prisoners.”*

PETER THE THIRD OF CASTILE.

A Canon of the cathedral of Seville, affected in his dress, and particularly in his shoes, could not find a workman to his liking. An unfortunate shoemaker to whom he applied, after quitting many others, having brought him a pair of shoes not made to please his taste, the canon became furious, and seizing one of the tools of the shoemaker, gave him with it so many blows upon the head as laid him

dead upon the floor. The unhappy man left a widow, four daughters, and a son fourteen years of age, the eldest of the indigent family. They made their compliments to the chapter; the canon was prosecuted, and condemned *not to appear in the choir for a year*. The young shoemaker having attained to man's estate, was scarcely able to get a livelihood, and overwhelmed with wretchedness, sat down on the day of a procession at the door of the cathedral of Seville in the moment the procession was passing by. Amongst the other canons he perceived the murderer of his father. At the sight of this man, filial affection, rage, and despair got so far the better of his reason, that he fell furiously on the priest, and stabbed him to the heart. The young man was seized, convicted of the crime, and immediately condemned to be quartered alive. Peter, whom we call the cruel, and whom the Spaniards with more reason call the lover of justice, was then at Seville. The affair came to his knowledge, and after having learnt the particulars, he determined to be himself the judge of the young shoemaker. When he proceeded to give judgment he first annulled the sentence just pronounced by the clergy, and after asking the young man what profession he was:—*I forbid you, said he, to make shoes for a year to come.*

LAVATER.

"I called" says Mr. Coxe, "on Lavater, a clergyman, of Zurich, in Switzerland, and celebrated physiognomist, who has published four large volumes in quarto on that fanciful subject. That particular passions have a certain effect upon particular features, is evident to the most common observer, and it may be conceived that an habitual indulgence of these passions may possibly in some cases impress a distinguishing mark on the countenance. But that a certain cast of features constantly denotes certain passions, and that by contemplating the countenance we can infallibly discover also the mental qualities, is an hypothesis liable to so many exceptions, as renders it impossible to establish a general and uniform system. Nevertheless, Mr. Lavater, like a true enthusiast, carries his theory much farther; for he not only pretends to discover the characters and passions by the features, by the complexion, by the form of the head, and by the motion of arms, but he also draws some inferences of the same kind even from the hand writing. And, indeed, his system is formed upon such universal principles, that he applies the same rules to all animated nature, ex-

tending them not only to brutes, but even to insects. That the temper of a horse may be discovered by his countenance will not, perhaps, strike you as absurd; but did you ever hear before that any quality could be inferred from the physiognomy of a bee, an ant, or a cockchafer? While I give my opinion thus freely concerning Mr. Lavater's notions, you will readily perceive that I am not one of those who are initiated into the mysteries.

New-York,

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1802.

SKETCH OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.

BY A PUPIL.

..... The goodly apparatus
That rides round the glowing axle-tree of
heaven.

VILLAGE CURATE.

OF all the sciences Astronomy is the most sublime. It treats of the works of nature in their most stupendous extent. It has a reference to the perfections of deity. By his power, wisdom, and goodness, all things were formed.

The SUN, an immense body of fire and light is fixed in the centre of the system, whilst the planets revolve around him. He is upwards of 1,000,000 times as large as our earth, and intended to give light, heat, and vegetation to seven primary, and at least fifteen secondary worlds. By spots on his disk, he is discovered to turn on his axis in about twenty-five of our days.

1. MERCURY, the first in the system, at the distance of 36,000,000 of miles from the Sun, completes his revolution in 88 days.

2. VENUS, at the distance of 68,000,000 of miles from the Sun, revolves around him in 224 days.

These are the *inferior* planets, because their station is between the Sun and the Earth.

3. EARTH which we inhabit at the distance from the Sun of 95,000,000 of miles, performs its period in 365 days. Earth has one *Moon* or *Satellite* at the distance of about 240,000 miles from it, which revolves around the Earth in 27 days, 7 hours, and 43 minutes.

We proceed to the *superior* planets.

4. MARS, at the distance of 145,000,000 of miles, revolves in little less than two of our years.

5. JUPITER, at the distance of 490,000,000 miles, accomplishes his journey in 12 years. He has 4 *Moons* or *Attendants*.

6. SATURN, at the distance of 900,000,000 of miles, completes his revolution in 30

years. Saturn has 7 *Moons*, and a stupendous *Ring* surrounding his body, the nature of which astronomers have not yet ascertained.

7. GEORGIUM SIDUS, at the immense distance of 1800,000,000 miles, creeps around in his orbit in 82 years and a half. It has three *Moons* or *Attendants*.

8. COMETS, are bodies which, in various and vastly eccentric orbits, revolve about the Sun in different situations, and periods of time.

9. The FIXED STARS, known by their never varying in their situations in the heavens, also by their twinkling, are supposed by Astronomers to be Suns to other systems, with planets revolving around them like our Sun. Some of them are blue, others red, and others all colours. However we know nothing concerning their distance, only that it is extremely great.

The SOLAR SYSTEM is thus beautifully described by a British poetess, distinguished for the elegance of her compositions:

..... Seiz'd in thought,
On fancy's wild and roving wing I sail,
From the green borders of the peopled
Earth,
And the pale Moon, her duteous fair attendant;
From solitary Mars; from the vast orb
Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk,
Dances in either like the lightest leaf,
To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,
Where cheerless Saturn, 'midst his wat'ry
moons,
Girt with a lucid zone, majestic sits
In gloomy grandeur like an exiled queen,
Amongst her weeping handmaids: fearless thence
I launch into the trackless deeps of space,
Where burning round, ten thousand suns appear
Of elder beam; which ask no leave to shine
Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light
From the proud regent of our scanty day.
Sons of the morning! first born of creation!
And only less than HIM who marks their track,
And guides their fiery wheels. Here must I stop,
Or is their aught beyond? What hand unseen
Impels me onward thro' the glowing orbs
Of habitable nature; far remote,
To the dread confines of eternal night;
To solitudes of vast unpeopled space,
The deserts of creation, wide, and wild;
Where embryo systems, and unkindled
suns
Sleep in the womb of chaos? Fancy droops
And thought astonish'd stops her bold career.

MRS. BARBAULD.

J. B.

The Drama.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.

POPE.

January 11. This evening was presented (second time), the new comedy of *The Poor Gentleman*; with the after-piece of *Robin-Hood; or, Sherwood Forest*.

January 13. *The Poor Gentleman* (third time), and *The Critic; or, A Tragedy Rehearsed*.

January 15. *The Poor Gentleman* (fourth time) and Garrick's farce of *High Life Below Stairs*.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The following list exhibits an account of all the books, in the various departments of Literature, which have been published in the year 1801, and which are regarded as adapted to the use of Ladies.

(Continued.)

55. Instructions relative to Self-preservation, during the prevalence of contagious Diseases. By a Physician. 1 vol. 8vo.

POETRY.

56. Poems, By JOHN PENN, Esq. consisting of Original Works, Imitations and Translations; in 2 vols. royal 8vo. Embellished with beautiful Engravings of Views, &c. American and English. These poems, which consist of odes, elegies, sonnets, epigrams, a play, and miscellanies, exhibit the great extent and diversity of the author's talents, the correctness of his taste, the soundness of his understanding, the purity of his principles, and the benevolence of his heart. MR. PENN, who lately received the honour of being nominated, by the king, high sheriff of the county of Buckingham, and who is justly considered as one of the first of that first class of men, the independent country gentlemen of England, seems, however, to retain a considerable portion of attachment to the country, which was first civilized and settled by his great ancestor; and to which, it appears, he some years ago made a visit. The subject of one of the engravings, and those of several of the poems, belonging to America; of the people of which country he takes occasion to speak in a manner, which shows that he has followed the noble example of magnanimity given him by his sovereign.

57. The Pleasures of Retirement; in three cantos: with other Poems. By J. Jefferys. 1 vol. 8vo.

58. Richard the First; a Poem, in eighteen books. By Sir James Bland Burges, Bart. 2vols. royal 8vo.

59. The Pursuits of Literature, a satirical poem; with the citations translated. Eleventh edition, with additions and amendments. 1 vol. 8vo.

60. Eighteen Hundred! a Poem on the Close of the Century; to which are added, Verses to Youth on the Improvement of the Time. By D. Griffith 4to. a pamphlet.

61. Idyls, in two parts. By Edward Atkins Bray. Small 8vo.

62. Il Lutuoso ed il Gaudioso, il Giocoso ed il Diligente; Poems on Music, the new Century, Sport and Care. A pamphlet.

63. Lyrical Ballads; with other Poems. By W. Wordsworth. 2vols. 12mo.

64. Ocean; a Poem, in two Parts. By Mason Chamberlin, Author of "Equanimity, a Poem." Small 8vo. A pamphlet.

65. Poems chiefly Sonnets, by the Author of "Translations from the Italian of Petrarch, Metastasio, and Zappi." 1 vol. 8vo. small.

66. Saint Anne's Hill; a Poem. With a view of Saint Anne's Hill, 4to. a pamphlet.

(To be Continued.)

PARISIAN FASHIONS,

FOR NOVEMBER, 1801.

SILK stuffs are adopted for full dress for the winter, and muslins for undress. The robes de bols à la Clotilde, à la Hebe à la Syrene. The Swiss, Italian, and Spanish dresses, are all made of these materials. Among the most admired for their novelty and beauty are, the

BELLES DOUILLETES A LA RU IENNE.

These cloaks are of three cuts and three different sorts of wadding, according as the wearer is more or less delicate, from rude health to an invalid state. They are also adapted to the different shapes, some for slender persons, some for *en bon point*, and some for those who are much encumbered with flesh. They are extremely convenient, and find a ready admittance into fashionable society.

ROBE RONDE, A LA HERSILIE.

This dress has a long train, fastens on the tip of the shoulder, and forms a heart upon the back, ornamented à l'Étrusque, and about four inches and a half in the length of the waist at the side. The front appears like a petticoat which comes round the breast, and is fastened on the shoulder. The cut terminates at the knee with an acorn. It is of a superb style. The sleeves are short and ornamented.

ROBE RONDE, A LA CALYPO.

This dress is in narrow pleats on the neck. It has two bars, one in the shape of a tongue, and the waste behind is of a new cut. It has a long train. The sleeves are short, and with three tufts.

ROBE A LA HAMADRYADE.

This dress is very handsome for riding, or a morning walk.

CHEMISE A LA VESTALE.

The collar is partly Spanish and partly French, and bound round the waist with a cecus à la Juno.

SURTOUT A LA SULTANE.

This charming dress is open, and worn over white dresses, or some bright colour: it has a train, and is of a very striking appearance.

SURTOUT A LA HEGEMOND.

This is peculiarly adapted for balls: it has but one sleeve, and reaches only to the calf of the leg, close to the side, and rounded.

All these latter dresses are of Florence satin, Pekin satin, muslin, plain and embroidered, painted linen, gauze, crape, &c.

The corsets à la Creole are also much admired as a ball costume. They are trimmed with pearl, tinselled or embellished with silk. Spencers of double Florence, wadded, are also in repute.

MARRIED,

At Norfolk, by the Rev. James Whitehead, Mr. BULLER COCKE, Purser of the United States frigate Chesapeake, to Miss ELIZA BARRON, daughter of Capt. Barron of that place.

At Savannah, Mr. GEORGE D. SWEET, to Miss RACHEL R. PORCHER, daughter of the late Paul Porcher, Esq. of South Carolina.

Mr. NATHAN BEAL, of Savannah, to Miss ANN KIRKLAND, of South Carolina.

DIED,

At Burlington, on Monday, the 4th inst. JAMES KINSEY, Esq. L. L. D. Chief Justice of the State of New-Jersey, in the 70th year of his age.

At Boston on the evening of the 2d inst. the Hon. GEORGE RIDGARDS MINOT, Esq. aged 44. Judge of Probate, Judge of the Municipal Court, & Commissioner of Bankruptcy.

At Philadelphia, on the 2d January, BENJAMIN BROWN, Esq. of Wells, (Mass.)

PRINTING,

In all its various branches, executed at this Office, with neatness, accuracy, and dispatch.



Parnassian Garland.

[The following beautiful lines, giving the history of an OLD BEGGAR, are from the pen of Mrs. ROBINSON, who has been complimented with the title of the English Sappho; but if in tenderness, elegance, feeling, and poetic imagery, her productions scarcely yield to those of the Lesbian Muse for chastity of sentiment, and delicacy of expression, the palm must undoubtedly be allotted to this child of early sorrow.... this victim of love. The productions of Mrs. Robinson, both in prose and verse, are numerous, and of various degrees of merit; but to poetry the native impulse of her genius appears to have been more peculiarly directed: even in the earliest of her productions, that fertility of imagination, and correctness of taste, were indicated, which, in her subsequent compositions, are so eminently displayed. The sweetness and harmony of her versification has been scarcely equalled, and certainly never surpassed by any cotemporary poet: neither, while attending to the flow and melody of her numbers, has Mrs. Robinson been unmindful of the force and dignity of the sentiment expressed. Of the glitter and false taste exhibited in the *Della Crusca* correspondence she became early sensible: several of her poems, even at this period, before the public mind recovered from that species of intoxication which novelty seldom fails to excite, breathe a spirit of just sentiment and simple elegance, which genius combined with feeling only can produce: of this her *Maniac* and her first *Ode to the Nightingale* afford examples. Her ingenuous muse soon learned to disdain the meretricious glare of perpetual ornament, false sublimity, and strained allusions, while it collected from the treasures of nature a rich store of imagery, and a happy series of illustrations, which, introduced with judgment, applied with taste, and expressed with fervor, diffuse throughout her compositions a lustre and genuine

glow, which never fails to kindle into enthusiasm the affections of the reader.]

THE OLD BEGGAR.

Do you see the OLD BEGGAR who sits at yon gate....
 With his beard silver'd over like snow?
 Tho' he smiles as he meets the keen arrows of fate,
 Still his bosom is wearied with woe.
 Many years has he sat at the foot of the hill,
 Many days seen the summer-sun rise;
 And at evening the traveller passes him still,
 While the shadows steal over the skies.
 In the keen blasts of winter he hobbles along
 O'er the heath, at the dawning of day,
 And the dew-drops that freeze the rude thistles among
 Are the stars that illumine his way!
 How mild is his aspect, how modest his eye,
 How meekly his soul bears each wrong!
 How much does he speak, by his eloquent sigh,
 Tho' no accent is heard, from his tongue.
 Time was, when this BEGGAR, in martial trim dight,
 Was as bold as the chief of his throng;
 When he march'd thro' the storms of the day or the night,
 And still smil'd as he journey'd along.
 Then his form was athletic, his eyes' vivid glance
 Spoke the lustre of youth's glowing day!
 And the village all mark'd, in the combat and dance,
 The brave youngster still valiant as gay.
 When the prize was propos'd, how his foot-steps wou'd bound,
 While the MAID of his heart led the throng;
 While the ribbands that circled the May-pole around
 Wav'd the trophies of garlands among.
 But Love, o'er his bosom, triumphantly reign'd,
 Love taught him in secret to pine:—
 Love wasted his youth, yet he never complain'd—
 For the silence of Love....is divine!
 The dulcet-ton'd word, and the plaint of despair,
 Are no signs of the soul-wasting smart:
 'Tis the pride of Affection to cherish its care,
 And to count the quick throbs of the heart.
 Amidst the loud din of the battle he stood
 Like a lion, undaunted and strong;
 But the tear of compassion was mingled with blood
 When his sword was the first in the throng.
 When the bullet whizz'd by, and his arm bore away,
 Still he shrunk not, with anguish oppress'd;
 And when Victory shouted the fate of the day,
 Not a groan check'd the joy of his breast.—

To his dear native shore the poor wanderer hied,

But he came to complete his despair;
 For the maid of his soul was, that morning, a bride,
 And a gay, lordly rival, was there!

From that hour, o'er the world he has wander'd forlorn,

But still Love his companion would go;
 And tho' deeply fond Memory planted its thorn,
 Still he silently cherish'd his woe!....

See him now, while with age and with sorrow oppress'd,

He the gate opens slowly, and sighs!
 See him drop the big tears on his woe-wither'd breast,
 The big tears....that fall fast from his eyes!

See his habit all tatter'd, his shrivell'd cheek pale,

See his locks, waving thin, in the air;
 See his lip is half froze with the sharp cutting gale,
 And his head, o'er the temples, all bare.

His eye-beam no longer in lustre displays
 The warm sunshine that visits his breast;

For deep sunk is its orbit, and darken'd its rays,
 And he sighs....for the GRAVE's silent rest!

And his voice is grown feeble, his accent is slow,

And he sees not the distant hill's side;
 And he hears not the breezes of morn as they blow,
 Or the stream thro' the low valley glide.

To him all is silent, and mournful, and dim,
 E'en the seasons pass dreary and slow;
 For Affliction has plac'd its cold fetters on him,
 And his soul is enamour'd of woe!

See the TEAR which, imploring, is fearful to roll,

Tho' in silence he bows as you stray;
 'Tis the eloquent silence which speaks to the soul,
 'Tis the star of his slow-setting day!

Perchance, ere the May-blossoms cheerfully wave

Ere the zephyrs of SUMMER soft sigh,
 The sun-beams shall dance on the grass o'er his GRAVE,
 And his journey be mark'd....TO THE SKY!

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED

BY PHINEHAS HEARD,

AT THE COLUMBIAN PRINTING-OFFICE,

NO. 24, CEDAR-STREET, OPPOSITE THE

SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.